

# DI OG E N E S

L A N T H O R N E

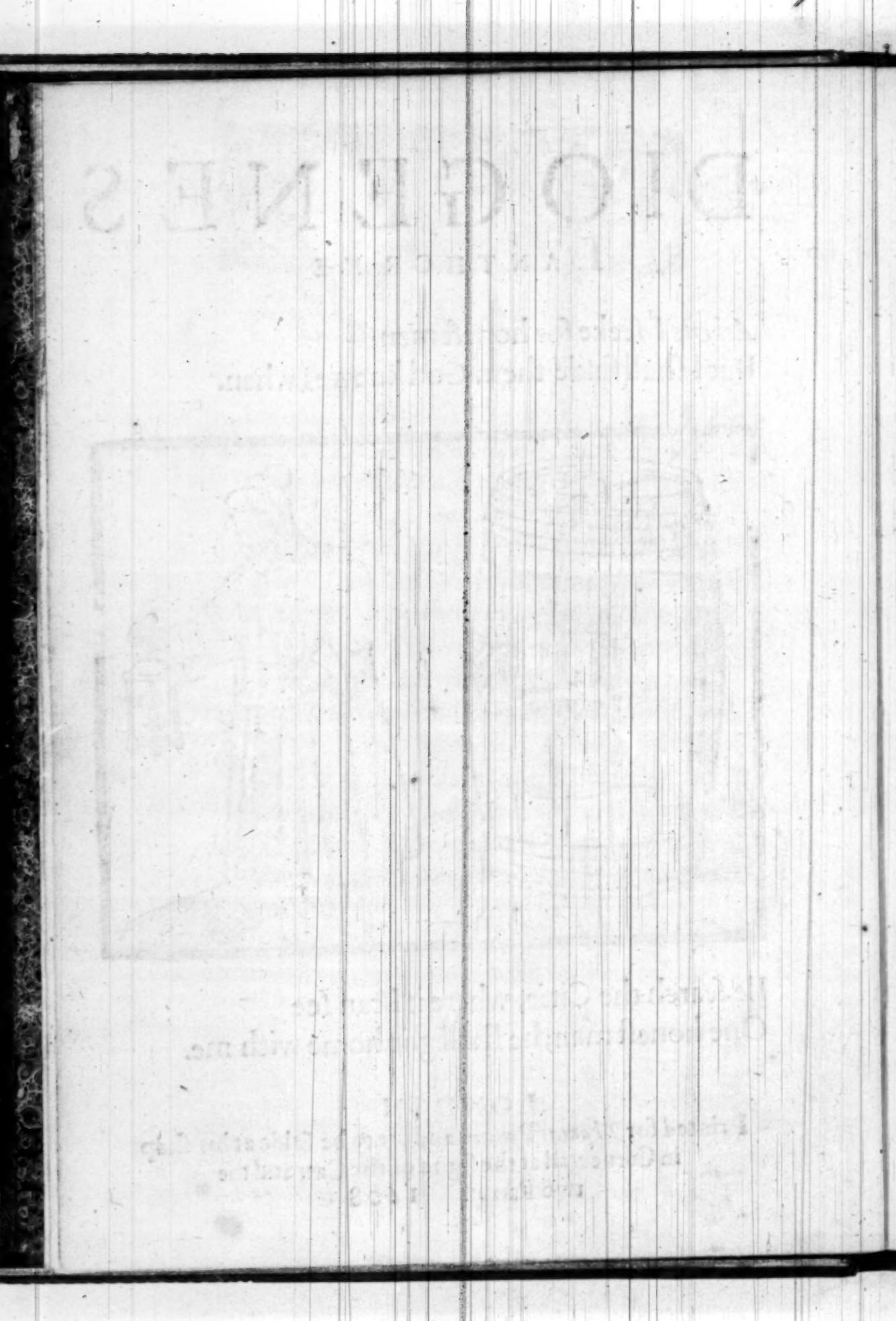
*Athens I seeke for honest men;  
But I shall finde them God knowes when.*



*Ile search the Citie, where if I can see  
One honest man; he shall goe home with me.*

L O N D O N

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two Parrats. 1608





## Prologue.

A Nodde daies worke Diogenes once made,  
And t' was to seeke an honest man he saide:  
Through *Athens* with a Candle he did goe,  
When people saw no cause he shoule doe so,  
For it was day-light and the Sunne did shine;  
Yet he vnto an humour did incline.  
To checke mens manners with some od-crosse iest,  
Whereof he was continually possest.  
Full of reproofes, where he abuses sonnd  
And bould to speake his minde, who euer found  
Hespake as free to *Alexanders* face,  
As if the meanest plowman were in place,  
Twas not mens persons that he did respect,  
Nor any calling: Vice he durst detect.  
Imagine you doe see him walke the streetes,  
And euerie one's a knaue, with whom hee meetes  
Note their descriptions; which good censure craues,  
Then judge ifhee haue cause to count them knaues.

*Samuell Rowlands.*

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## DI O G E N E S In his Lanthorne Humour.



Ow sic vpon seeking honest men in knaves skines: I am euuen as wearie as ever was Platoes Dogge. Not a Strete, Lane, or Alley in Athens but I haue trod it, and cannot meete a man worthy the giving good morrowe to: why what rascalls be these? haue they banisht honest men out of the towne quite? Alas poore Vertue, what hast thou done to deserue this contempt? base is thy attire, as thid-bare in thy apparel as my Gowne: thy Companie out of request, for thou hast walked so long alone, that thou art euuen walked away with thy selfe: there's no goodness to be found, Al's set vpon villanie. Vnder walkes Briberie, taken for an honest substantiall grane Cittzen, I marke is he, pray make him one of your common Counsel.

There goes Crueltie and Extortion, put of your hattes to him: his well done, he is one of the principall and best in the parish, hee hath borne all offices, and never did good: a most abominable rich fellowe, But how the Diuell came he by his welthe? widowes, widowes, three or four olde rustie Golde-begeting wi-

domas

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Dowres hane crownd him with their wealths, and that wicked Hammon is deerer vnto him then his owne soule: Nay, if he had Five Thousand Soules, hee woulde sell them all for five thousand duckats of golde.

Stay let me see ! what's bee? Oh tis Prodigalitie and his whore, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towardes the Suburbs of a Baudie house for their recreation, Vonder rides the Hawde in her Coach befores , and they two come leasurely (with the por) behinde , but will all meeete together anon to make wroke for the Chirurgian , who will answere their loose bodies with the Squirt.

Now Ile assure you though I laugh but sildome , I must needes make merry with yonder Asse , why hes is trapte for all the world like Alexander's Horse , such a feather in's head , so begarded , and the very same Trot: I haue knowne his Father well, he was a mest graus Senator (in regard of his gray beard) and did much little good in the Citle , got wealth , and pild vp golde euern as they pild vp Stock-fish in Island , and now his Sonne (the second part of a foole) has all all: marris what doth he with it : stay , (let me snuffe my Candle and Ile tell you ) euern like one of Signeur Scatter-goods politicians he deuides it into partes: A greate portion for Dicing , a good somes for Drinking , a parcell for whoring , a moittie for pride , a thrid for dauncing , six Shires and a halfe for swaggering , and all the remainder for beggerie . Walke along knave , walks along.

Who hane we next comes creeping with the palsey in his ioints , a great leather pouch by his side as large as a Gammon of Bacon , his long Stockins & a side coate crosse-bard with velvet to his knees : stay (light , light) let me see : oh I knowe the damned flauis tis Mounseur Visurie, what a leane lanke thin gut it is : hee lookes maruaillous like a long empie Cats-skinne purse , I

would

## Diogines Lanthorne.

would I had his skinne to make me a summer paize of  
Buskins.

What a blessednes is it to me, that I never came  
into such villaines clutches! what does he , pray, as hee  
goes his Chaps walke so ast? No, no, the Rogue is  
ruminating vpon his pawnes , he chawes the Cod in  
contemplation of Wounds and Willes, I dare be sworne  
hee never champs so much vpon his dinner or Supper,  
for his panth cries out on him, and al the gutts in his  
Padding-house, rumble, and grumble at their slender  
allowance, He obieds the olde prouerbe to his belly,  
Many a sacke is tyed vp before it be full. I wold  
I had the dyeting of him some month with my Rootes,  
I wold send him deeper vnder Ground then ere they  
grew: the Caniball shoud never feede moze vpon poore  
men, and play the Dice-maker with their bones hang  
him rogue, hang him.

Hows now thou drunken knaue , Canst not see but  
reele vpon me? I wold I had beene ware of thee, thou  
shouldst haue borne me a good bange with my Staffe;  
what slau'e's this? as I live I was al most downe.

Looke how his cloake hangs , one side to his ankles  
and th'other side to his elbowe : his steps take the  
Longitude and the latitude , hoise, hoise: This fellow is  
now (in his owne conceit ) mightely strong , for hee  
dares fight with any man : he is exceeding rich scoznes  
money, and cares not for twentie thousand pound: hee  
is marueilous wise, and tut, tell not him, for he knowes  
more then any man whatsoever. What's hee that dares  
refuse to pledge him? as sure as death if he could seele  
o; finde his Dagger , stabbes would be dealt: he arke  
how the villaine swaree, there's all his hostesse hath  
in pawne for his score , Yet hee's a passing good Cusio-  
mer for vtterance, about a Warrell a day goes downe  
his gullet . So take him in there at the red Lattice , he  
has cast anchor at the blewe Anchor for this day .

Fill  
him

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

him of the best, for he is euen one of the best guesses  
that euer tooke vp sodden water with chalke-credit  
on a post. Dut upon him, out upon him, He reade his  
destinie: die in a ditch knaue, or ende in an Hospitall  
rascall, chose whether thou wilst.

How loikes yonder fellowe? whats the matter with  
him trow? has a eaten Wall-beef? there's a loftie glau  
in deede, hee's in the altitudes: Oh ist you Master  
Aim-bition? I would be glad to see yon hang'd a while  
for an ould acquaintance? a greale man with the Empe  
ror? He assure yon, a great man with the Emperor:  
his voice is heard in the Court now, and his Fathers  
voice was woon to be heare in the Cittie: For I haue  
heard him many a time and often cri the broomes in A  
thens: a good plaine honest man and delt much with  
olde shooes: I heard him once tell this proud knaue(bei  
ng then a boy) a good discourse of Justice out of a  
Wzome: Sirra (saide hee) heere's Birch to correct you  
in Child-hood, and when you growe to be a great lub  
ber, heere's a stasse to belabour you: If that will not  
serue to amend you, why then heere's euen a with to  
hang you vp: Amen saide I, hee's growing towards it a  
pace: aspyring to rise hie, plotting to be mightie: and  
what tools has he out of the Divells shop for his worke?  
Treason, Treason! he will ascend by Treason though  
he climbe the gallowes for it, and crack his necke in  
comming downe againe. If I salute him and put off  
my cappe, I wold my Lanthorne were in my Bellye.  
Vertue scornes him, I knowe him not: Strout along  
Sirra, strout along, for thou haste not long to strout it.

Moje knaues abroade yet: yondres Boasting & Pre  
sumption, I holde my life as olde as I am He take his  
Rapier from him with my walking staff, hee's al sound  
and breath: tongue and talke, feares no man, cares for  
no man: beholding to no man: but tri his valsure, put  
him to it, see whats in him, dare him to the prouesse, and  
theres

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

there's mine emptie fellowe like a water bubble flying  
in the ayre till a pufte crack him : I never knewe (since  
I knewe reason) a wordie fellowe proue a worthy fel-  
low : a man must set his hand to his man-hood, and sin-  
ger it, twill not be had with wounds and blood , hark  
and snaffles , as euerie rascally knauie makes account:  
when two curres meete, all the whille they bark they  
hauie no leysure to byte : Alexander had a bragging  
Souldier that swore he had kill'd five hundred men with  
fillips, yet this fellow swore the peace against a woman  
that had broken his head with his owne Dagger :  
and tother day I followed a couple of notorious brag-  
garts into the field, one swore he wold imbewe his  
Kapler hills in the bowells of his soe, the other vowed  
to make him eat yron and Steele like an Estridge: whe  
they came to the place appointed, bethowewe their wea-  
pons, laide them presently downe, and went to buffets  
for a bloody nose, which I seeing, ran to the towne and  
cry'd murder, murder, and so brought threes hundred peo-  
ple together to laugh at them. I could tell many like ex-  
amples of Signior feather-cappe and his fellowe , but  
that I spie another knauie comming, that puts me out.  
**W**ts Contentio[n] (nay Ile go lowe enough to the ken-  
nel, y shal not luttle me for the wal) looke how he stares:  
see how a scowlis, hee has had a poore man in Lawe  
this threes yeare, for bidding his Dog Come out cuck-  
oldes curr, Yet if the Dog could speake , he wold  
beare witnes against his Maister for horne worke that  
he hath seene wrought by his Mistris in her chamber  
to make her husband night caps of.

Oh Strife is the summe of his desires, tis the solace of  
his soule, he is never well at harts ease if he be not  
wrangling with one or other: ile try it by the lawe (saies  
he) the lawe shall judge it : ile come to no agreement  
but lawe: ile pinch him by the lawe: I haue a hundred  
pound to spend at lawe: & all lawe, lawe ; yet he himself  
is altogether vnde of equitie: bee'l neither take wrong

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No; doe right: bites his poore neighbour doggedlye by  
the backe, scornes his Superiour, tramples vpon his  
inferior, and so he may be wrangling, cares not with  
whome it be, to keepe his hand in wre. He never went  
to bed in Chatte in his life, no; never wakes without  
meditating shrewde turnes. Oh beloues wonderfully  
to be feeding on the breade of Criste, and imitates the  
Camels whiche delight to drinke in troubled poules, well  
hee shall ioine no neighbour-hood with me so; it: my  
Tunne standes farre enough off from his house: I had  
rather haue a Werre to my next neighbour, then such a  
babbling rascall: goe walke a knave in the houſe-fayre,  
I haue nothing to say to thee but farewel and be hang'd  
and when thou art going that iourney, take all thy fel-  
lowes with thee.

Well met, or rather ill met Hipocrisie: Ah thou  
smooth face villaine with the lawning tongue, art thou  
Become a Citizen to? then looke about you plaine fel-  
lowes, you shall be sure to want no deceit: he hates  
swearing, so do I: tis well done to hate it, but he  
loves lying, and wil ouer-reach you in a bad bargaines,  
or with false waight and measure: Yes indeede: I truly  
wil he. Heele sigh and say there's no Conscience now  
adates, and then makes his owne actions beate wi-  
nessse to it: by yea and nay if hee can he will deceiuſe  
you.

Looke to his hands, Marke not to his Tongue, and  
say I haue giuen you faire warning, for a Philosopher  
hath beeene couched by him. I had rather haue it saide,  
Diogines was deceiu'd, then to heare it reported hee is  
a deceiver. I pride for a better Cap then I weare,  
And my Gowne is scarce worth halfe the mony it  
cost me, marry what remedie? nothing: I haue  
learn'd by it onely A knacke to knowe a knauc: and  
while I live Ile looke better to Yes truly, and I  
indeedc: Hipocrisie shall never sell me good wordes  
agine

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againe while he liues: Ile never buye bread moze for  
money. If a theefe shoulde meete me going home, and  
take away my pursse, I would say I mett with an ho-  
nester man then he that couson'd me in the buying of  
my Gowne, for the theefe woulde prooue a man of his  
word, and tel me what I shoulde trust to in the peremp-  
tory termes of Stand, Deliver your pursse.

But my Gowne-brother, he promist me good stuffe  
truely, a great penni-worth indeede, and verily didgull  
me. But let me take my leane of my pursse hee's a vil-  
laine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my  
heart to eate his Liver frise wiche parley to morrowe  
moring to breakfast.

Now now, what's the matter? whether goes all this  
hurly burley? heere's a clutter indeede. Now I see,  
now I see, Cousnage the Swaggerer is carried to  
prison, I heare the people say he hath stab'd the Con-  
stable, beate the watch, broke the Tapsters head, and  
lyen with his Hostesse.

Heere's no villanie: pray search his pockets: I tolde  
you asmuch, false hart, false hand, and false Dice: what  
crooked tooles are those in's brother pocket: picklocks  
picklocks: This fellowe liues by his witts, but yet  
he longs not to wits common wealth: he sweares he is  
a Gentleman, but of what house? marrie Cheaters  
Ordinarie: an ingenions slave that workes a living  
out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: eue-  
rie man with him is a very rogue and a base gull: Hee  
threatens stabs and death, with hart, wounds & blood,  
yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirugion.  
He scornes to dwell in a suite of apparell a weeke: this  
day in Hattin, to morrow in Sackcloath, one day all new  
the next day alseame-rent: now on his backe, anon at  
the Wockers, and this by his reckoning is a gentlmans  
humour. Sure I can not denie but it may be so, but I  
pray the what humour is the gentlemā in? he is never

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(in my opinion) like to proone gentleman by the hundre.

Away with him, away with him, make sure worke,  
chaine and kennell him vp in Iaile, make hym a knight  
of the dolorous Castle.

He will doe better satte tied vp then loose at liberty,  
let hym not playthe wandering Pilgrim in any cale,  
there's no remedie for such wilde fellowes but to tame  
them in the dungeon of darkenes : follow hym close  
watch-men with your Halberts, least he shew you a  
newe dance cal'd ranneawaies galliard. So, so, by this  
time he lies where hee's like to proone lowrie if there be  
not some speedie remedie vs'd with a medicin made of  
hempseede, to kill his itch.

Who haue we next pray ? I shoulde knowe hym by  
his vilanous scurute lookes, a makes a wyp mouth and  
has a grinnig countenance, for all the worlde like  
contraction : why tis he indeede, a rope stretch hym , has  
not the Crowes pickt out his eyes yet? See how hee  
laughes to himselfe, at yonder plaine Gentlewoman in  
the ould fashion, because she has not the trash and trum-  
perie of mistris Loo se-legges about her.

Dost thou deride Civilitie knawe? Is decencie becomes  
rediculous? looke vpon thy selfe thou rascall, looke v-  
pon thyselfe, whom all the wise men in the world may  
laugh to scorne indeede.

Thou hast nothing in thee, (If thy inside were turned  
outward) worthy of the least commendation, and yet  
such villaines will ever be scoffing (deriding and detrac-  
ting, from those of the best spirits and worthiest en-  
devoures) learned mens workes, industrious mens  
trauailes, graue mens counsells, famous mens vertues,  
and wise mens artes Detraction will spit venome at:  
nothing is well donne that flowes not from his durtie  
Inuention: he has scoffes for them he knowes not, and  
iess for them he never sawe, what a worlde this, when  
a foole shall censure a Philosopher: a doult, an Ideot,

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one that hath wit in's heele and head alike, so condempne  
and depreue natures miracles for wit and wisedome.

This is he that can mend euerie thing that is ready  
made to his hand , detracting from the worthines of  
euerie mans wo:ke: tis a villaine a right villaine b:ed  
and bo:ne, he came not long since along my Tub-house,  
and scoffing at me, asked me why I made it not a tap-  
house? Marry quoth I, I have determined so to doe, but  
I want such a rogue as thou art, to make me a signe off:  
with th:at cald he me Dogge. Sialde I, thou didst never  
heare me barke, but thou shalt feele me bite, and so th:ust  
my pike stasse thorough his cheeks, that I made his teeth  
chatter in his head like a viper as he is.

Nay then we shall never have done, looke where Ie-  
losie is, as yellowe as if he had the yellowe laundice:  
his wif:es an honest woman in my conscience , Loyall  
and true in Wedlocke , but because he like a fornicat-  
ting lascall vses common Curtezans , bee thinks her  
curtelles and their: are all alike to euerie man , come  
who wsl: his eyes followe her feete wheresoever shee  
goes : if any friend salute her , shee dares not replie, but  
must passe stranger-like without any shew of Curtesie:  
he swearers shee's a who:re, and him selfe a large bo:nd  
Cuckolde , able to runne butt with all cuckoldes in the  
Towne.

Nay, hee's growne to such outraze , that hee is e-  
uen franticke with Iealosie , sometimes offering to  
lay wagers that no Bull dares encounter with his head,  
and that his hornes are more pretious then any Uni-  
corn: the Haberdasher cannot fit him with a hat wide  
enough , The Barber cannot trimme his foze-head  
close enough, and yet the por bath made his Beard thin  
enough: he saies he thinks theres not an honest wo-  
man in Athens to his knwoledge , and the reason is,  
he is familiar with none but who:res. A Bawdie-house  
is so; his bodilye exercisse , and he can not live without

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his lecherie, he hath whores of all complecions, whores of all sizes, and whores of al diseases: and this is the cause that the villanous fellow deemes all to be whores. But maisters marke the end of him that haib beene laid ffeue times of the pore: if he bee not throughly frenched, and well prepar'd for his venerys, then will I for seauen years eate hay with a horse: well, ile crosse the way to other side the Strete, before he come too nigh me, I dare not Indure him, its good sleeping in a sound stynne: I would not be in's cote so; Alexanders rich gofone, out stinking knave out. Holde off thy Cart Knaue, wilt ouer-runne me? thy horse hath more huccle in him then thou, for he avoides me, and thou drawst upon me. So villayne so, Curse the creature that gets thy living, and see how thou wilt thrive by it. Thou blinde knane Porter, doost rush upon me with thy basket, and then sayest by your leave? be like thou meant to tolle me agayne, for thou didst aske no leave the first tyme before hand, what brutish slaves doe I meete with? my staffe shall meete with some of you alone: take thou that knave for crying bremes so lowd in mine eares, heeres a quosle indeede, your Cittie shuslings, rombling, and tumbling, is not for my humor. What a filchie throeake has that Oyster-wise, I thinke twill echo in my braine-pa[n] this houre. This is the raging streete of out-erles, ile out-walke it with all the speede I can.

Hethereto haue I mett with never an honest man, wel ile burne out my Candles-end, and then make an end and get me home. So, this is good to begin with all: Had your Strete neuer a knave to encounter my first entrance but Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen, This is he that sets Countries and Kingdomes together by the eares, breeds Citties mutinies, and domesticall contentions, Prince against Prince, Nation against Nation, Bindred, Neighbour, Friend, al at variance.

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variance. This is hee that calls Peace with her palme tree, idle huswif, and sounds defiance throughoute the whole world: you are wrong'd (saies hee) put not up such a vyle indignitie: this disgrace to man-hood can induce, your valour and reputation is in state of prejudice, tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it up, for the whole worlde takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me fall out with Plato, cal him proude fellowe, and trample upon his bed, because it was somewhat hansomer and better deckt then mine. In all his life time, (and he assure you tis an olde, gray, leane, dye, roten-bon'd vllaine) did hee never shewe chearefull countenance but at the sight of some mischiese: he would rather byte his tongue thoroow then bid any man good morrow. So, so, now it workes, hee's got amongst a crewe of scoulding fay-wives, off goes her head-lyre, hane at tothers throake, to her greene wast-e-cole, why now it workes like war.

Thrust in cut-purse so; there's good penni-worths to be had amongst them, thy trade is like to be quick by and by, customers come apace, make a priuie search without a Constable, he stay no longer with you, a rope rid you all. Now lie upon thee sounely knawe, when didst thou wash thy face? Heere's Sloth right in his kinde: the hat he weares all day, at euening becoms his night-cap, his frieze Gowne sconce, wherin he intrenches him selfe, is at least thirtie thousand strong: Carter thy hose beast, garter thy hose, or wil the por indure no garters?

This fellow I remember comming to a fig-tree, being so extreme lazie that he could not stetch his arme out to gather any, laid him selfe downe upon his backe, and gaping cry'd:

Sweete

Diogenes anthonie  
Sweete Figges dropdownne in yeelding wise,  
For Lazie will not let me rise.

This is he that riseth late, and goes early to Bed,  
Up to eat and downe to sleep, scornes to labour, for he is  
as stiffe jointed as the Elephant, and rather then bee  
would indare hale an houres labour, he would wil-  
lingly chuse a whole houres hanging. I knowe no  
vse in the world for him, except to keepe the cattie bread  
from moulding, and the townes liquo; from sow;ng.

This is he, that lying at ease vpon his backe, where  
a Cart was to passe, intreated the Cartman to draw ca-  
sie ouer him, for he could not rise yet, til his laise fit was  
past: this is he that could rather be lowrie then endure  
to haue his shirt wash'd, and had rather goe to bed in  
hose and shooes then stoops to pull them off. Hee's fittid  
with a wise eu'en pat of his owne humor, for tother  
day heating broth for her husbands breakef. O, the  
Cat cry'd a mew in the porridge-pot: wife (saide he) take  
out poore Pusle, alas how came she there? with that  
she tooke out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the  
porridge from her into the pot, they two went louingly  
to breakfast with it.

A shame take them both for filthie compaionons, for  
their broth is abominable: who, then we shall never  
hone done: heeres hell broke loose, swarming together.  
Derision, he goes before, and scoffes euerie man hee  
meetes: doest laugh at my lanthorne knaue, because I  
use Candle-light by day? why villainetis to seeke such  
as pou' e never be: Honest men.

Violence he walkes with him, heel'e do inuictie to his  
owne Father if he can, althat he weares one his backe  
and allthat he puts in's bellye, is got by Oppression,  
wrogn, and cruelte: he cares not how he gets it, so he  
get it, nor from whence he take it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in their consoyle, an inhu-  
mane

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

mane and vnciuill sauadge , if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day , he would never giue a thousand good wordes in a yare for them .

Impatiencie is another of their staternitie : a raging knaue , an unquiet turbulent rogue , hee le allow time for nothing , al's at a minutes warning that he calls for or hee le rage , raile , curse & sware , that a wise man would not for ten pound be within ten myles of him .

Who's the other ? holde vp thy head knaue : O tis Dulnes , the most notorious block-head that euer pist : instruct him till your tongue ake , he has no eares for you : theres nothing in him but the Asses vertue , that's dull melancholie : how lumpish a lookes : out rascalles out : Now a murraine take you all , I did never make a worse dayes worke in my life then I haue done to day : heere's a Cittie well blest , is well prouided I warrant you , If a man should needs an honestmans help where should he find him ? Well , farewell Athens I and my Dubbe scorches thee and thy Citizens .

## Diogenes lost labour .

PHilosopher , thy labour is in vaine ,  
Put out thy candle , get thee home againe ,  
If company of honest men thou lacke ,  
They are so scarce , thou must alone go backe ,  
But if thou please to take some knaues along ,  
Give but a beck & store will flock and throng .  
He that did vomit out his house and land ,  
Euen with a wincke , will ready come to hand .  
And he of whome thou didst ten shillings craue  
As thinking neare againe his almes to haue ,

C

Because

## Diogines Lanthorne.

Because he was a prodigall in waste,  
And to vndoe him selfe made wondrouſ halle.  
If thou haſt come to ſee him in thy Conne,  
He will be readeie both to goe and runne.  
Dy those ſame drunken fadlers, thou diſt finde  
A tuning wood, when they themſelues were blinde  
Whom thou diſt with thy ſtrake belabour wel:  
Theyll ſing about the Cub where thou doſt dwelle.  
All thofe that were preſented to thy light,  
When thou ſoughtſt honeſt men by Candle-light,  
Make a ſtep back, they in the Cittie be,  
With many hundreds which thou diſt not ſee.  
Houſes of Raſcals, ſhops euē full of knaues,  
Tauerne and Ale-houſe ful with drunken ſlaves.  
Your Dydinaries and your common Janes  
Are iwhole ſale ware-houſes of common ſinnes.  
Into a baudie houſe thou diſt not looke,  
Nor any notice of their caperings tooke. (ſtraps  
Baſwds with their puncks, and Panders with their  
Whores with their feathers in their velvet caps,  
Thofe Sallamaunders that doe bathe in fire.  
And make a trade of burning lusts deſire.  
That doe ſalute them whom they entertaine,  
With A pox take you till we meete againe.  
Soz thofe which daily Nouices entice,  
To lend them mony vpon cheaſing dice.  
And in the bowling-allies rooke with betting,  
By three, and four to one, moſt baſely getting.  
All thofe vndeene appeare not to thy face,  
With many a Cut-purſe in the market place,  
That ſearches pockets being ſiluer linde,  
If Counterfets about men he can finde.  
And hath Commission ſo; it ſo to deate  
Under the hang-mans warrant, hand and ſeale.

Inngme-

## Diogines Lanthorne.

Innumerable such I could repeate,  
That use the craft of Coney-catch and cheate,  
The Cities vermin, worse then Rats & Mice  
But leane the Actors, to reward of vice:  
He that reproves it, shewes a detestatton,  
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.  
Who dos more wrongs and inviles abide,  
Then honest men that best are qualifed?  
They that doe offer least abuse to any,  
Must be prepared for enduring many.  
but heres the comfort that the vertuous finde  
Their Hell is first, their heauen is behinde,

## Diogenes Morrall

A Cock stood crowing pround,  
Fast by a River side:  
A Goose in water hift at him,  
And did him much dedide:  
The Cocke in choller grew,  
Wowing by hym that made him,  
That he would fight with that base goose,  
Though all his Hennes dissuade him.  
Come but a shone quoth he,  
White liner if thou dars,  
And thou shalt see a bloody day,  
Thy thoate shall soone be bare.  
Base craven said the goose,  
I scorne to beare the minde,  
To come a shone amongst a crew  
Of scraping dunghill kinde:  
Thy Hennes will back thee there,  
Come heather chaunting slave.

## Diogenes Lamhorne

And in the water hand to hand,  
A combat we will haue.  
Heere's none to interrupt,  
I chalengs thee come heere:  
If there be valour in thy combe  
Whyl let it now appeere.  
Enter the watry field,  
Ile spoile thy crowing quight:  
Whyl dost not come? oh now I see,  
Thou hast noe heart to fight.  
vaunt that the Cocke replide,  
There was noe want in him:  
But sace the water was soe bad,  
It would not let him swim.

## Morrath

IT happens alwaies thus  
When cowards doe contend:  
With wrangling wordes they doe begin,  
And with those weapons end.  
Nothing but vaunts are v'l'd,  
Till tryall should be made:  
And when they come to action  
Each of other are affraid,  
Then for to keepe skinnes whole,  
It is a common vse:  
To enter in some drunken league,  
Or make a cowards scuse.

## A great

## Diogenes Lanthonne.

A Great assembly met of Mice,  
Who with them selues did take aduice,  
What plot by policie to shape,  
How they the bloody Cats might scape.  
At length, a graue and auntient House,  
(Belike the wickest in the house)  
Gaued counsell (which they all lik'd well)  
That eu'ry Cat should weare a Bell:  
For so (quoth he) we shall them heare,  
And flee the danger which we scare,  
If we but heare a Bell to ting,  
At eating Cheese, or any thing,  
When we are busie with the nippe,  
Into a hole we straight may skippe,  
This aboue all they liked best:  
But quoth one mouse vnto the rest,  
Which of vs all dares be so stout,  
To hang the Bel Cats Necks about,  
If heere be auy let him speake  
Then all replide we are to weake.  
The stoutest House, and tallest Kat,  
Doe tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

## Morrall.

Thus fares it with the weake,  
Whome mightie men doe wrong  
They by complaint may wish redresse,  
But none of force so strong  
To worke their one content:  
For every one doth feare,  
Where crueltie doth make abode,  
To come in presence there.

## Diogines Lanthorne.

The Owle being wearie of the night,  
Would progresse in the sunnes  
To see the little birdes delight,  
And what by them was done.  
But comming to a stately groue,  
Adorn'd with gallant greene  
where yeares proud Sommer season,  
Most beauteous to be seene (stroue,  
He lights no sooner on a tree,  
That Sommers liuerie weares:  
But all the little birdes that be  
Were flock'd about his caues.  
Such wondring and such noise they kept,  
Such chyrping and such peeping:  
The Owle for anger could haue wept,  
Had not shame hindred weeping.  
At length he made a solemnne vow,  
And thus vnto them spake:  
You haue your time of pleasure now,  
An Owle of me to make.  
But ere to morrow light appeare,  
In dawning of the East,  
First handred of you that are heere,  
I will dispatch at least.  
If that I crush you not most rare,  
Why then loue let me die:  
A littimous I well not spare,  
Nor the least whan doth ffe.  
And so at night when all was hush,  
The Owle with furious minde:  
Did search and prye in everie bush,  
With sight when they were blinde.  
They rent their flesh and bones did b;eake,  
Their feathers flew in th'are:

And

## Diogines Lanthorne.

And cruellie with bloddie beake  
Those little creatures feare.  
How am I well reteng'd (quoth he)  
For that which you haue done:  
And quitted all my wrongs by Moon  
Were offered in the Sunne.

## Morrall.

**G**ainst mightie one, the weake of strength,  
**G**May not themselues oppose:  
For if they doe, twill proue at length,  
To wall the weakest goes.  
The little shrubs must not contend  
Against the taller trees:  
Nor meaner sort seeke to offend,  
Their betters in degrees.  
For though amongst their owne consorts  
Superiors they deride:  
And wrong them much by false reports,  
At length Time turnes the Tide.  
There comes a change, the wills they wrought  
In selfe conceitt hought good:  
May be in the end too deereley bought,  
Euen with the price of blood.

**A**Cobler kept a scuruiie Crowe,  
**A**Bird of basest kinde,  
and paines enough he did bestowe,  
To worke her to his minde.  
At length he taught her verie well,  
To speake out verie loude:

God

## Diogenes Lanthorne,

God saueth the king, and froth to tell,  
The Cobler then grete we proude.  
She was so good to hop about  
Upon his oudl-shooe stall;  
But he unto the Court woulde strout,  
His bird shold put downe all  
Their painted parrats: So he went  
To Cæsar with Jack-daw,  
And saide to him, he did present  
West bird that ere he saw.  
The Monarch gracious minde did she we  
To Coblers poore good will:  
And made a Courtier of the Crowe,  
Wheres he remain'd, vntill  
He standing in a windewe, spide  
His fellowes fli along:  
And knewe the lauguage which they cry'd,  
Was his one Mother song.  
A way goes he the way they went,  
And altogether fli,  
A poore dead Hoare to teare and rent  
That in a ditch did lie.  
When they had shar'd him to the bone  
Not a crowes mouthfull left:  
To a Corne-field they fli'e each-one  
And therethey fall to theft.  
This life the Coblers Crowe did chuse,  
Pich's itning out of strawe:  
And courtly dyer did refuse  
Euen like a foolish Dawe.

Morrall

## Diogenes Lanthorne

### Morrall.

HEE that from basenes doth deriuie,  
The roote of his descent:  
And by preferment chance to thriue,  
The way that Jack-dawe went:  
Whether in Court or Common-wealtheſs  
In Citie or in towne,  
How ere he pledge good fortunes health,  
Heel'e live and die a clowne.  
Dawes will be dawes, though grac'd in Court,  
Crowes will to carrion ſtill,  
Like euer vnto like resort,  
The bad imbrace the ill.  
And though eu'en from a Coblers ſtall,  
He purchase land, what then,  
With Coblers heel'e conuerſe with all,  
Rather then better men.

THE Lyon in an humour once  
As with his pleasure stood,  
Commaunded that on paine of death,  
Horne beaſtes ſhould vode the wood,  
Not any one to tarry there,  
That had an armeſt head,  
This was no ſooner publith'd forth  
But many hundreds fled,  
The Heart, the Backe, the Vnicorne,  
Ramme, Bull, and Coate conſent  
With halle, poſt-halle to runnes away  
Their daungers to preuent.

## Diogenes Lanthorne

With this same crew of horned kinde  
That were perplered so,  
A Beast consores, vpon whose head,  
Onely a Wen did grow.  
The Fox met him, and saide thou foole,  
Why whether dost thou runne?  
What y (quoth hee) to sauе my life,  
Hear' st thou not what is done?  
Horne creatures all haue banishment  
And must abyde the place,  
For they are charg'd vpon their liues.  
Euen by the Lyons grace.  
True (saide the Fox) I knowe it well  
But what is that to thee?  
Thou hast no horne, thy wen is fleshy,  
Tis euident to see.  
I graunt (quoth hee) tis so indeede,  
Yet neare-the lesse fleshey  
For ist be taken for a horne  
Play in what case am I?  
Sure (saide the Fox) it's wisely done  
I blame thee not in this,  
For many wrongs are dayly wrought  
By taking things amisse.

## Morrall.

VVise-men will euer dout the worst,  
In what they take in hand,  
And seeke that free from all suspect,  
They may securely stand.  
Remoouing euery least offence,  
That may a danger breed,

For

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

For when a man is in the pit,  
It is to late take heede.  
If mighty men doe censure wrong,  
How shold the weake resist?  
It is in vaine contend with him,  
That can doe what he list,  
The best and most repos'd life,  
That any man can finde,  
Is this; to keepe his couscience free,  
From spotted guiltie minde.

A Sauage creature chanc'd to come,  
Where civill people dwelt,  
Whome they did kindly entertaine,  
And courteous with him dealt:  
They fed him with their choicest fare,  
To make his welcome knowne,  
And divers waies their humane loue  
Was to the wilde-man showne.  
At length (the weather being golde)  
One of them blew his nailes,  
The Sauage ask'd why hee did so?  
And what hisingers aile?  
Marry (quoth he) I make them warme,  
That are both colde and numme,  
And so they set them downe to boarde,  
For supper time was come.  
The man that blew his nailes before,  
Upon his broth did blow:  
Friend, saies y Sauage what meanes this,  
I preethce let me kno w?  
My broth (saide he) isuer hot,  
And I doe coole it thus

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Farewell (quoth he) this deede of thine,  
For ever parteth vs,  
Halter thou a breaþ biswes hot and colde,  
Coven at thy wiſh and will:  
I am not for thy company,  
Pray keepe thy Supper full  
And heat thy dands, and coole thy broth,  
As I haue ſene theſe doe,  
Such double dealers as thy ſelfe,  
I haue no minde vnts,  
But will retire vnto the woodes,  
Where I to fore haue bin,  
Reſolving every double tongue  
Hath hollowe heart within.

## Morrall.

A Heedfull care wee ought to haue,  
When wee doe friends elect,  
The pleasing geſture and good wordes,  
Wee are not to reſpect,  
For curteous carriage oftentimes  
May haue an ill intent:  
And gracious wordes may graceleſſe prooue,  
Without the hearts conſent.  
Let all a vɔide a double tongue,  
For in it there's no truſt,  
And banish ſuch the company,  
Of honest men meane iuft:  
A counterfeits ſociety,  
Is neuer free from daunger,  
And that man liues moſt happy life,  
Can liue to ſuch a ſtranger.

Whēn

Diogenes Lanthorne.

When winters rage and cruell stormes,  
Of eurie pleasant tree,  
Had made the bowes stark naked all,  
As bare as bare might bee,  
And not a flower left in fieldes,  
Nor greene on bush or brier:  
But all was todd in piteous plight,  
Of Sommers rich attire.  
The Grasshopper in great distresse,  
Unto the Ant did come  
And said deere friend I pine for foodes,  
I prethee give me some.  
Thou art not in extremes with me,  
I knowe thine euer care  
For winters want hard and distresse  
In summer doth prepare,  
Know'st thou my care replied the Ant?  
And doest thou like it well?  
My selfe prouid' st not thou the like?  
Play thee Grasshopper tell  
Merry (saide hee) the Summer time,  
I pleasantly doe passe,  
And sing it out most merrily,  
In the delightfull grasse,  
I take no care for time to come,  
My minde is on my song.  
I thinke the glorious Sunne-shine daies,  
Are everlasting long.  
When thou art hording vp thy foodes,  
Against these hungry daies,  
Inclined vnto prouidence,  
Pleasure I onely praise,  
This is the cause I come to thee,  
To helpe me with thy soore:

## Diogines Lanthorn

Thou art deceiu'd friend saide the Ant,  
I laboure not therefore.  
What's not for you I did provide,  
With tedious toilesome paines:  
But that my selfe of labours past  
Might have the future gaines.  
Such idle ones must buy their witt,  
Tis best when deereley bought:  
And note this lesson to your shame:  
Whch by the Ant is taught,  
If Summer be your Singing time,  
When you doe merry make:  
Let winter be your weeping time,  
When you must penance take.

## Morrall.

N  
Eglest not time, for precious Time  
Is not at thy commaund,  
But in thy youth and able strength,  
Giue prouidence thy hand.  
Repose not trust in others helpe,  
For when misfortun's fall,  
Thou maiest complaine and pine in want  
But friends will vanish all.  
Theile heape reproches vpon thy heade,  
And tell thy follies past:  
And all thy actes of neglygence,  
Euen in thy teeth will cast. (haue gain'd  
Thou might' st haue got, thou might' st  
And liued like a man:  
Thus will they speake filling thy soule,  
With extreme passion than:

Picuent

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Preuent this foolish after-wit,  
That comes when tis to late:  
And trust not ouer much to friends,  
To helpe thy hard estate.  
Make youth the summer of thy life,  
And therein oyter not:  
And thinkc the Winter of olde age,  
Will spend what summer got.

A Lassie begger that was blinde,  
But very strong of limbe:  
Agreeed with one was lame of legges,  
That he would carrie him.  
And so ther was to guide the way.  
(For he had perfect sight:) .  
Upon condition, all they got,  
Should still be shar'd at night.  
So as they chaunced to passe along,  
The Cripple that had ryes,  
Sitting vpon the blinde mans backe,  
On ground an Oyster spies.  
Hooke take that Oyster vp (quoth hee)  
Whiche at thy leete lyss there:  
And so he did, and put it in,  
The scrip whiche he did ware.  
But going on a little way,  
Sates Cripple, to the blinde:  
Give me thre Oyster thou tookst vp,  
I haue thereto a minde.  
Not so saied tother by your leave,  
In vaine you doe intreate it:  
For sure I keepe it so; my selfe,  
And doe intend to eat it.

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Ile haue it s<sup>t</sup> the Cripple s<sup>w</sup>ore,  
Who spide it, thou or I?  
If that I had not seene, and spoke,  
Thou wouldest haue passed by.  
It is no matter saide the blinde,  
Thou know'st it might hane lyen,  
Had I not scopt and tooke it vp,  
Wherelore it shall be mine.  
And so they hotly fell at wordes,  
and out in choller brake'  
With thou lame rogue , and thou blinde knave,  
Not caring what they spake,  
At length it happened one came by,  
And heard them thus contend,  
And did intreat them, both, that bee,  
Might this their discord end.  
They yeeld and say it shall be so,  
Then bee inquiring all,  
Did haire their league, and how about  
An Dyster they did brall.  
Saide bee my maisters let me see  
This Dyster makes such strife,  
The blindeman forthwith gaue it hit  
Who present dwew his kniffe,  
And opening it eat vp the same,  
Giveng them each a shell  
And saide good fellowes now bestriendes  
I haue yon fish, far well.  
The beggers both deluded thus,  
At their one foily smilde,  
And saide one subtill crastie knave,  
Had swa poore fooles beguilde.

Morrell

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

### Morrall.

VVhen men for trifles will contend,  
And vainely disagre,  
That oft for nothing friend and friend,  
At Daggers drawing be.  
When no discretion there is vsde  
To qualifie offence:  
But reason is by will abus'd,  
and anger doth incense.  
When some in furie seeke their wish,  
And some in malice swells,  
Perhaps some Lawyere takes the fish,  
And leaues his Clyent shells,  
Then when theire folly once appeares,  
They ouerlate complaine:  
And wish the wit of fore-gone yeares,  
Were now to buy againe.

VVithin a groue, a gallant groue,  
That wore greene Summers lute,  
An Dre, an Asse, an Ape, a Fox,  
Each other kind salute.  
And louingly like friends embrace,  
And much good manners vse:  
At length saies th Dre vnto the Asse,  
I pray thee friend what newes?  
The Asse look'd sad and thns replied,  
No newes at all quoth he:  
But I grove ever discontent,  
When I doe meete with thee.

C

The

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

The Dre look'd strange, and stepping backs  
Quoth hee deere neighbour Asse,  
Hauie I wrong'd thee in all my life,  
Mouthfull of Hay or grasse?  
Assure thy selfe if that I had,  
I' wold grieue me very much:  
No kinde bedfellow saide the Asse,  
My meaning is not such.  
On Iupiter I doe complaine,  
It is he wrongs me alone:  
In arming thee with those large hornes,  
And I poore wretch haue none.  
Thou wearst two weapons on thy head,  
To thy body to defend,  
Against the stoutest dogge that barkes,  
Thou bouldly dar'st contend.  
When I haue nothing but my skinne,  
With two long foolish eares:  
And not the basest goose that lies,  
My hate or furie feares,  
This makes me sad, and dull, and slowe,  
And of a heavy pace:  
When ev'ry scuruy shephards curre,  
Doth bane me to my face.  
Sure quoth the ape, as thou art green'd,  
So I hard dealing sinke  
Looke on the For, and looke on me,  
Pray viewe vs well behinde.  
And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt,  
Except thy eye-sight falles:  
That naturallack'd a paire of eyes,  
When shes maide both our tailes.  
I wander what her reason was,  
To alter thus our shapess?

There's

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

There's not a soore but hath a taile,  
Would serue a dozen apes,  
Yet wee thou seest goe bare arse all,  
For each man to decide:  
I tel thee brother Asse I blussh,  
To see my owne backside,  
I must indure a thousand iesses,  
A thousand scuffles and scounes,  
Nature deales bad with me for taile,  
And hard with thee for hornes.  
With this, the ground began to stirre,  
And forth a little hole.  
A creeping soore leg'd creature came,  
A thing is calld a Mole,  
Quoth he my masters I han hard  
What tells you two do finde:  
But Taile and Hornes, pray looke on me  
By nature formed blinde:  
You haue no cause thus to complaine,  
Of your, and your defa,  
Nor vse dam Nature harde with wordes,  
If me you doe respit,  
The thing for which you both complaine,  
Are unto me denide:  
And that with patience I endure,  
And, moze am blinde beside.

## Morrall.

VVE ought cōplaine, repine and grudg,  
At our dislike estate:  
and deeme our selues(our selues not pleas'd)  
To be vnfortunate.

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

None march'd with more extreame then we,  
None plung'd in sorrow so:  
When not by thousand parts of want,  
Our neighbours griefs we know.  
Most men that haue sufficiencie,  
To serue for natures neede:  
Doe wrong the god of nature  
And vngratefully proceede.  
They looke on others greater giftes,  
And eniuiously complaine:  
When thousands wanting what they haue,  
Contented doe remaine.

**T**he Astronomer by night did walke,  
(He and his globe together)  
Having great busines with the starres,  
About the next yecars weather.  
He did examine all the skie,  
For tempests winde and raine:  
And what deseases were to come,  
The planets tolde him platne,  
The disposition of the spring  
The state of Summer tyme,  
The Harvest scuite, and Winters frost,  
Most plainly he espide,  
He did conferre with Jupiter  
Saturne and al the Seauen:  
And grew exceeding busie, with  
Twelue houses of the heaven.  
But whyle with staring eyes he lockes,  
What newes the starres could tell:  
Upon the sodaine dowe he comes  
Headlong into a well.

Velpe

### Diogenes Lanthorne

Helpe, helpe, he caile, or else I doowne,  
Oh helpe, hee still do cry:  
Whilke it chaunc'd same passengers,  
Came very early by.  
And hearing him, did helpe him out.  
In a dwyndwoud mousecase:  
When question'd with him how he came,  
In that same colde wet place?  
Marry (quoth hee) I look'd on hie,  
Not thinking of the ground:  
And tumbled in this scurvy well,  
Where I hadlike bin dwyndwoud.  
Which when they had and knew his art  
They smyling said. Friend straunger:  
Whilke thou foze-tell things are to come,  
And knowest not present daunger?  
Hast thou an eye for heauen, and  
For earth so little wit:  
That while thou gazest after starres,  
To tumble in a pit?  
Whilke thou tell (looking o're thy head)  
What weather it wil be?  
And deadly daunger at thy soote,  
Thou hast no eyes to see?  
Wee gine no credit to thy Art,  
Nor doe esteeme thee wise:  
To tumble headlong in a well,  
With gazing in the skies.

### Morrall.

Many with this Astronomer,  
Great knowledge will pretēd:

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Those gifts they haue, their haughtie pride  
Will to the skies commend.  
Their looks must be aspiring,  
For ambition aimis on hie)  
(ortunes aduancement makes them dream  
Of Castles in the skie:  
But while bewitching vanitie,  
Deludes them with renowne;  
asodaine alteration, with  
a vengeance pulles them downe.  
and when the meanest sort of men,  
Whome they do abiect call:  
Will stand in scorne; and point them out  
and censure of there fall.

**G**reat alexander came to see,  
My mansion being a tunne:  
And stode directly opposite,  
Betweene me, and the Sunne.  
Morrow (quoth he) Philosopher,  
I yeilde thee time of day:  
Warry (saide I) then Empero:,  
I prethee stand away,  
For thou depriest me of that,  
Thy power hath not to give:  
Nor all thy mightie fellow kings,  
That on earths foote-ball lie.  
Stand backe I say, and rob me not,  
To wrong me in my right  
The Sunne woule shone vpon me,  
But thou tak'st away his light.  
With this he slept aside from me,  
And smiling did intreate:

That

## Diogenes Lanthorne

That I would be a Courtier,  
For hee likid my conceit.  
Ile haue thy house brought nere my court,  
I like thy baine so well:  
A neighbour verie neare to me,  
Imeane to haue thee dwell.  
If thou bestow that paine (qroth 3)  
Pray when the worke is done,  
Remoote thy Court and carry that  
A good way fren my Luttre.  
I care not for thy neighbour-hood,  
Thy Treasure, trash I hold:  
I doe esteeme my Lanterne hōme,  
As much as all thy golde.  
The costlyest cheere that earth affords,  
(Take Sea and aire to boote)  
I make farrre lesse acoount theresoef,  
Then of a carret roote.  
For oll the robes vpon thy backe,  
So costly, rich, and strange:  
This plaine peoze Gowne, thou seest me weare  
Thre-bare I will not change.  
For all the pearle and Precious stones,  
That is at thy commaund:  
I will not give this little Booke,  
That heere is in my hand.  
For all the citties, countries, Townes,  
And kingdomes thou hast got:  
I will not give this empitie Tunne  
For I regard them not.  
Say if thou wouldest exchangr thy crown,  
For this same cap I weare:  
D<sup>r</sup> give thy Scepter for my Staffe,  
I would not do't I sweare.

Doest

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

Doest see this tub? I tell thee man  
It is my common wealth:  
Doest see yon water? tis the w<sup>e</sup>l<sup>i</sup>n<sup>e</sup>  
Doth keepe me sound in health.  
Doest see these rootes that grow about  
The place of my abode?  
These are the dainties which I eate,  
My back'd, my roote, my sod.  
Doest see my simple thre<sup>e</sup>-foote stoole?  
It is my chaire of state:  
Doest see my poore plaine wooden dish?  
It is my siluer plate.  
  
Do' a see my wardrobe then beholde  
This patched seame-rent gowne:  
Doest see yon mat and ball-rushes?  
Why sh'are my bed of downe.  
Whon coun't me poore and beggerly,  
Alas good carefull King,  
When thou art often sighing sad,  
I chearfull sit and sing.  
Contentw<sup>e</sup>ll es not in Pallaces,  
And Courts of mightie men:  
So; if it did, assure thy selfe,  
I woulde turne Courtier then.  
No Alexander sh'art deceiu'd,  
To censure of me so:  
That I my sweete contented life  
(for troubles) will forgoe:  
Of a repos'd life I<sup>s</sup> I,  
Can make a lust report:  
That haue mo<sup>e</sup> vertues in my tun,  
Then is in all thy Court.  
For what yeelds that but vanities,  
Ambition, Envy, Pride:

Op-

## Diogene's Lanthorne.

DOppression, wrongs and crueltie,  
Pay euery thing beside.  
These are not for my company,  
Ile rather dwell thus odde,  
Whoe euer walkes amongst sharpe thornes,  
Had neede to goe well shodde.  
On mightie men I cannot fawne  
Let flatterie crouch and creepe:  
The worlde is naught, and that man's wise,  
Least league with it doth keepe.  
A crowne is heauie weareing, King,  
It makes thy head to ake:  
Great Alexander, great accounts  
Thy greatness hath to make.  
Who seeketh rest and so the same  
Doth to thy court repayre:  
Is wise like him that in an Egge  
Doth seeke to finde a Hare.  
If thou hadst all the worlde thine owne,  
That worlde would not suffice:  
Thou art an Eagle (migtie man)  
And Eagles cath no flies.  
I like thee for thy patience well,  
Which thou doest shew, to beare me:  
Ile teach thee somewhat for thy paines,  
Draw but a little neare me:  
Some honest proverbes that I haue,  
Upon thee ile bestowe:  
Thou didst not come so wise to me  
As thou art like goe.

H E that performes not what he ought,  
But doth the same neglect:  
Let him be sure not to receiue  
The thinge he doth expect.

F

When

### Diogene's Lanthorne.

When once the tall and loftye Tree  
Vnto the ground doth fall:  
Why euery Peasant hath an Axe  
To he we his boughes withall.

He that for vertue merrits well  
And yet doth nothing clayme:  
A double kinde of recompence  
Deserueth for the same.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest  
And thy companions tell,  
I will resolute thee what thou doest,  
Whether ill done or well.

He knowes enough that knoweth nought  
If he can silence keepe:  
The Tongue oft makes the heart to sigh,  
The Eyes to waile and weepe.

He takes the best and choysest course:  
Of any mao doth liue:  
That takes good cousell , when his friend  
Doth that rich Iewell giue.

Good horse and bad, the Ryder sayes,  
Must both of them haue Spurres:  
And he is sure to rise with Fleaes  
That lyes to sleepe with Curses.

He that more kindnes sheweth thee  
Then thou art vs'd vnto,  
Eyther already hath deceiu'd  
Or shortly meanes to do.

### Diogenes Lanthorn

Birds of a feather and a kinde,  
Will still together flocke:  
He'd neede be verie streight himselfe,  
That doth the crooked mocke.

I haue obserued diuers times,  
Of all sortes olde and young:  
That he which hath the lesser heart,  
Hath still the bigger tonguc.

He that's a bad and wicked man,  
Appearing good to th'eye:  
May doe thee many thousand wrongs,  
Whiche thou can never spic.

In present want, deferre not him  
Which doth thy helpe require:  
The water that is farre off fetch'd  
Quenacheth not neighbours fire.

He that hath money at his will,  
Meate, Drinke, and leasure takes:  
But he that lackes, must mend his pace,  
Neede a good Foote-man makes.

He that the Office of a friend,  
Vprightly doth respect:  
Must firmly loue his friend profest,  
With fault and with defect.

He that inioyes a white Horse, and  
A faire and daintie wife:  
Must needes finde often cause, by each  
Of discontent and strife.

## Diogenes Lanthorne

Chuse thy companions of the good,  
Or else conuerse with none:  
Rather then ill accompaned,  
Farre better be alone,

watch ouer wordes, for from the mouth,  
There hath much euill sprung,  
Tis better stumble with thy feete,  
Then stumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habite, Vertue tis,  
That doth aduance thy fame:  
The golden bridle brettets not  
A Iade that weares the same.

The greatest ioyes that euer were,  
At length with sorrow meetes:  
Taste hony with thy fingers end,  
And surfeit not on sweetes.

A Lyer can doe more then much,  
Worke wonders by his lyes:  
Turne mountaines into mole-hills,  
And Elephants to flies.

Children that were vnfornunate,  
Their parents alwaies praise:  
And attribute all christynesse,  
Vnto their fore-gone daies.

Whē sicknes enters healths strong holde  
And life begins to yeelde:  
Mans forte of flesh to parley comes,  
And death must win the field.

The

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

The flatterer before thy face,  
With smiling lookes will stand:  
Presenting hony in his mouth,  
A Raso[r] in his hand.

The truly noble-mindedloues,  
The base and seruile,feares:  
Who cuer tels a foole a tale,  
Had neede to finde him eares.

To meddle much with idle things,  
Would vexe a wise mans head:  
Tis labour and a wearie worke,  
To make a Dog his bed.

The worst wheele euer of the Cart,  
Doth yeelde the greatest noise,  
Three women make a market,for  
They haue sufficient voice.

Firs[te] leave all fooles desire to learne  
With stedfast fixed eyes:  
In this, All other Idiots are,  
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lyon breathlesse lyes  
Whom all the sorrest feard,  
The very Hares,presumptuously  
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst,  
Though inconuenience growe:  
A wiseman will not Seede-time loose,  
For feare of euerie Crowe.

## Diogenes Lanthorne.

One man can neuer doe so well,  
But some man will him blame:  
Tis vaine to seeke, plaise euerie man,  
Ioue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in miserie,  
Doe not affliction adde:  
With sorrow to loade sorrowes backe,  
Is most extremely bad.

Show me good fruite on euill tree,  
Or Rose that growes on Tistle,  
Ile undertake at sight thereof,  
To drinke to thee and whistle.

Censure what conscience restes in him,  
That sweares he Iustice loues:  
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,  
To punish simple Doues.

There's many that to aske might haue,  
By their odde silence crost:  
What charge is speech vnto thy tonguc,  
By asking, pray whats lost?

He serues for nothing that is iust,  
And faithfull in his place:  
Yet for his dutie well perform'd,  
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes himselfe anothers slauc,  
And feares doth vnder goe:  
That vnto one being ignorant,  
Doth his owne secrets shew

On

Diogenes Lanthorne  
On Neptune wrongfull he complaines  
That oft hath bene in daunger:  
And yet to his deuouring waues  
Doth not become a straunger.

Age is an honorable thing,  
And yet though yeares be so,  
For one wise-man with hoary hayres,  
Three dozen fooles I knowe.

*FINIS*



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